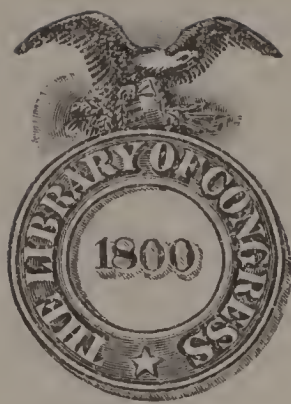




Voices of Humanity

Verse

JAMES MARION MORRISON



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VOICES OF HUMANITY

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Verse

By

JAMES MARION MORRISON



BOSTON

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
What Shall I Write About?	9
A Blinded Soldier's Welcome Home	11
The Glad Free West	13
The Power of Pen and Voice	15
Let Not the Heart Grow Old with Years	17
Comrades in War and Peace	18
A Mother, Old and Lonely	22
Peaceful Stream	24
Forging Straight Ahead	26
A Fair New Day	28
Sweethearts Still	31
Wisdom	32
As See the Gods	34
Memories of Childhood	35
Thou Greedy Oppressor	36
The Man at the Throttle	38
Healing the Heartaches	41
When Peace Shall Reign	42
O Noble Love of Woman's Heart	46
What Think Ye?	48
Gossip	50
A Vision of Youth	52
Do It Now	53
Humanity Thru All the Years	54
The Soldier's Letter	58
Panorama of Life	60
Lonely Bachelor	63
Providence	64
Mary and Blanche	66
A Tale of the Roosevelt Trail	68
Relentless Time	70
Have You Met This Little Maid?	71

	PAGE
Idle Thoughts	72
The Humble Toiler	74
An Ode to a Bachelor Friend	79
What's the Use to be Sad	81
My Mother's Smiles	82
The Unbeliever	83
Ever Sweethearts, You and I	85
Dreaming of Mother	86
Nature Lovers	87
The Wrecked and Ruined Home	89
The Merry Heart	91
The Voice of the Storm	93
The Band of Gold	96
The Way of the Golden Rule	98
Junetime	102
Our Painters	103
To My Loved One, Far Away	105
The Nobility of Labor	106
Springtime	108
The Autumn Days	109
The Path of Duty	111
Somewhere, Some Day	112

FOREWORD

With the hope that it may bring pleasure, courage and inspiration to its readers, and be an encouragement to Christian Faith, and to the best, the truest and most noble aspirations of life, this little book is dedicated and sent forth by its author.

JAMES MARION MORRISON.

WHAT SHALL I WRITE ABOUT?

If I should tell of sunshine bright,
And of the azure sky,
I'd want to mention fleecy clouds
That leisurely float by;
Or should I tell of planting time,
And swelling buds of Spring,
I'd dream of fruits and golden grains,
Which showers and sunshine bring.

If I should tell of balmy days,
And starry nights in June,
I'd see fond lovers strolling then,
Down lanes, 'neath silvery moon;
And dream of waving meadow lands
And fields of scented hay;
And hear the happy children, too,
And see them romp and play.

Or should I tell of pastures green,
And flocks, and lowing herds,
Of woods and flowers and babbling brooks,
And bees and singing birds;
Of fertile plains, and silvery lakes
Reflecting back the sky?
The glories of our gracious land;
Long wave her flag on high.

If I should write of all the things
Which to my heart are dear,
And tender dreams of long ago,
'Twould take too long, I fear;
But I must speak of mother now,
She whom I love so well,
And then of father, old and gray,
And of his kindness tell.

A BLINDED SOLDIER'S WELCOME HOME

(World War Poem)

Dear one, when you read this message,
As you're sitting sad and lone,
Well I know I need not tell you
That the writing's not my own;
And the thought that it will grieve you
Makes it harder still for me,
Yet I feel that I must tell you
That my eyes no longer see.

We were pressing bravely forward
Mid the crash and roar and blast,
Screaming shells o'erhead and round us
Shrapnel flying thick and fast,
Poison fumes and blinding vapors
As we strove thru "No Man's Land,"
Till we reached the foemen's trenches,
Where we battled hand to hand.

But my dear one, of this carnage,
I am loath to tell you more;—
On the battlefield they found me,
When the storm of death was o'er,
Where I groped among the fallen,
And the Red Cross nurses, kind,
Have done everything to aid me,
But dear sweetheart, I am blind.

I shall soon be sailing homeward
But my heart is filled with dread;
Will my loved one bid me welcome,
Or were I far better dead?
Dear one, I am not complaining,
I will leave it all to you;
Do what e'er you think befitting;
For I know your heart is true.

.

Now our ship has reached its mooring;
I hear treading footsteps, fast,
Hark, I hear a sweet voice calling
"Dear one, you are home, at last;"
My face between soft hands is held,
On my lips sweet kisses pressed,
While on my eager, groping hands,
Warm glad tears are falling fast.

THE GLAD FREE WEST

Free as the birds that upward fly,
And build their nests in treetops tall,
Free as the eagles, soaring high,
Drink from the clouds, but never fall;
Free as the winds that whirl and play,
Waving the grass, where daisies grow,
And roses sweet, along our way,
Where we are passing to and fro.

Out mid the fields of golden grains,
Where nature opens wide her hands;
Blue skies bend low, and kiss the plains;
Out on the broad prairie lands;
Free from the city's roar and din,
Out on thy fair and ample breast;
Free from their walls, that shut us in;
Oh how I love the glad free West.

Since but a little bare-foot boy;
I've wandered o'er thy dale and hill;
In grateful awe, and blissful joy;
Till now, I'm growing old; and still,
No royal throne or palace grand,
No life of pomp, or careless ease,
Could tempt me from my own dear land;
Where nature smiles, my heart to please.

Here, in my little nook, I'll dwell;
Here, with my friends and loved ones stay;
Here with my pen, thy beauties tell,
And here, live out my little day;
And when my work on earth is thru,
Here, when the Father calls in love,
I'll bid thee then a fond adieu;
And wend my way to realms above.

THE POWER OF PEN AND VOICE

A greater power hath pen and voice,
Than hath the cruel sword, 'tis said;
That tool of woe, which thru all time,
As captives, all mankind hath led;
The powers of error, wrath and greed,
This instrument of death, command,
To still perpetuate their rule,
'Their tyrant sway, in every land.

Nor do they heed the words of Him
Who taught that they who thus would live,
To war against their fellow-men,
Their lives, unto the sword, must give;
And thus, all nations, which employ
This cursed tool of wrath and shame,
(The words of Christ, we know are true,)
Shall likewise perish, with the same.

Thru all the ages of the past,
The sword hath made the nations bleed;
Which still learn not the ways of peace,
Nor truths of sacred page, give heed:
The power of voice and pen, must smite
This demon sword, of error's way,
And labor earnestly and well,
To usher in a fairer day.

Mankind a better way must learn ;
The light of wisdom must be spread ;
And consecrated toil must save
A dying world from woe and dread ;
The power of God, our strength shall be,
To lead us on in truth and light ;
To give us victory, true and grand,
And love and grace, to speak and write.

LET NOT THE HEART GROW OLD WITH YEARS

(Song)

Let not the heart grow old with years,
Nor e'er give place to doubts and fears;
Let love, so true and warm and bright,
Still bubble up with pure delight;
When sets the golden Summer sun,
And duties of the day are done,
We'll wander forth, hand clasped in hand,
With graceful step, as lovers can.

CHORUS

Down flowery lane, thru sylvan dale,
Where fragrant roses never fail;
With peeping stars and silvery moon,
And moments fleeting all too soon.

Where lovers woo their maidens fair,
Nor thot of ill, nor hint of care,
Tell love's old story, ever new;
Repeat the promise, I'll be true;
And thus we'll banish every fear,
And feast our hearts on memories dear;
We'll live anew those happy days,
Then journey on in love's sweet ways.

COMRADES IN WAR AND PEACE

Come, dear old comrades, let us talk
Of those appalling, cruel days,
When we stood face to face with death;
On Flander's grim and bloody field;
There, where we dedicated all
That life held dear, or hoped to hold;
There where 'gainst every cherished dream
Of love and home, our hearts were steeled.

There where mere words can ne'er express
The mad'ning fury of the strife;
With dead and dying strewn the ground
Where Spartan warriors gripped in death,
With foemen, worthy of their steel;
Who yielded not, but for sheer force
To crush and grind them to the earth;
Ere their defeat they would confess.

Nor did we ever hope to see
Again, our own beloved land;
To greet the sunshine of its smile,
Or feel the joys of home, sweet home;
Nay, but old comrades, we are here,
Where loved ones welcomed our return;
Glad to remain, we here would dwell;
And never more will wish to roam.

But tell me, comrades, you must know,
Why 'twas we fought in Flanders' field;
Why 'twas we went to that far land,
To stand or fall, to win or die?
That peoples of all lands might gain
Their freedom from oppression's sway,
That truth and justice, still might live;
You will agree that this is why.

We crossed a wreck and mine strewn sea
To help our "brothers" there, defend
Their mothers, wives and little ones,
Their homes, their freedom and their land,
From tyranny, from woe and death;
To stay the hordes of lust and greed,
To make the world a "fitter" place,
That's why with them we took our stand.

Yes, comrades, I am sure that's why
We battled, there in No Man's Land,
To help to banish grief and tears,
To help to bring a brighter day;
That's why our loved ones here at home
Used all their energy, to aid,
That we might "make an end of war,"
Thus did they toil and hope and pray.

That's why our chieftains bade us strike,
Till every foe of freedom fell;

That was our purpose, that our aim,
That our impelling power and might;
That's why the glad earth drank our blood;
That's why we drove the tyrant back;
That's why we beat them to the earth;
We fought for Freedom, Truth and Right.

And now, old comrades, we are home;
Save those who slumber 'neath the sod;
Home, where "Old Glory" proudly waves;
Her colors blend with those above;
And still, in this, our gracious land,
We can discern the seeds of strife;
The footprints of a ruthless foe,
Still lurking in the land we love.

We find that in our own fair land,
By nature's hand, so richly blest,
Still lives that evil genius, greed;
Who e'en in war, ceased not to work;
Oh vilest shame; Oh loathsome blight;
That tho the nation's blood ran red,
This monger of ill-gotten gain,
Should yet deceive and grow and lurk.

How can we say our work is done,
Who fought to make all peoples free;
Who bared our breasts and offered all,
That truth and right, come not to shame?

Nay, comrades, we must still fight on;
Not, with the tools of iron and steel,
The Prince of Peace saith not in vain,
"Shall also perish with the same."

Mankind must learn the better way;
The way of fellowship and love;
And we, and everyone who will,
United, firm and true, must stand;
That selfishness and greed may fall,
As fell the foe on Flander's field;
This cruel foe of human-kind,
Must now be driven from our land.

We'll fight this foe, and every foe,
That threatens this our own fair land;
Again we'll stand in solid ranks
A mighty legion, to defend
The land we love, our homes, our flag,
From every danger, curse or blight;
We'll hold her sacred emblem high,
And love shall conquer, in the end.

A MOTHER, OLD AND LONELY

Now I'm waiting, old and lonely;
I have lingered here too long;
Life, I've seen in fullest measure,
And I trust have done no wrong;
For I hear the loved ones calling,
Angel whisperings in my ears,
While my eyes are dimmer growing
With the passing of the years.

I have seen life's joys and pleasures
When the warm blood swiftly ran;
Springtide, with its love and wooing,
Then, my lover claimed my hand,
And I gladly with him journeyed
To the fair land of the West;
Soon with children 'round us playing,
In our happy home, so blest.

Here we loved and here we labored,
Here on us fair fortune smiled,
Filled our hands with countless treasure,
Fleeting years our hearts beguiled;
Then our loved ones faded from us;
One by one they passed away;
Husband, children, old companions,
Longer with us might not stay.

And I'm waiting for you, "reaper,"
Waiting now thru dreary years;
Tho I long for rest, you come not,
And I'm groping on in tears;
Sight, my eyes has now forsaken
And I cannot find my way;
Will you still not hear my sighing,
Won't you come for me to-day?

PEACEFUL STREAM

Oh peaceful little woodland brook,
Glide on your way, thru glen and leafy nook;
Where in the Spring the wild birds sing,
And flit from tree to tree;
Anon the gentle breezes blow,
And willows nodding to and fro,
While on you flow serenely, calm and free.

I fain would come from day to day,
To list, and rest, or while the time away,
In joy or pain, some lesson gain,
As on thru life I plod;
To worship at thy sylvan shrine,
And on thy grassy banks recline,
Communing here with nature and with God.

When Luna treads her silent way
And stars appear, the while with joyous lay,
The nightingale, o'er hill and dale,
Respond in melody,
Together with my dearest friend,
I'll stroll where peace and beauty blend;
And here we'll share their loveliness with thee.

Oh that when earthly cares shall cease,
And man shall seek that great Eternal Peace,
At close of day, this mortal clay,
Might on thy banks repose ;
That we together here at last,
May rest until the Night is past,
And o'er the hills, Celestial Morning Glows.

FORGING STRAIGHT AHEAD

Just do the very best you can,
And steer your course right straight ahead;
And keep a plodding up the road
Tow'rd where you're going when you're dead.

And don't be hunting easy trails,
Nor grumble when the road is rough;
Just buckle on your axe and sword
And show you're made of proper stuff.

Your way will sometimes lead up hill
And thru the forest, dark and tall;
Don't be surprised if now and then
A branch across your path should fall.

Or if perchance, a full grown tree
Should topple on your road, like lead;
Just grab your axe and chop it out,
And keep on forging straight ahead.

Just throw the rubbish right and left
Nor be concerned who may get hit;
If they were going, as they should,
They'd not be standing where it lit.

For they'd be going on before
Or coming up from back behind;
So hurl the barriers right and left
To clear the trail, and never mind.

You'll sometimes find a level stretch
Where you can scurry right along;
And when you do, just raise your voice
And sing some cheerful little song.

That it may echo thru the hills
And send vibrations in the air,
To poor, discouraged, drooping hearts,
To drive away their gloom and care.

And when you spy a City, grand,
With "jasper walls and great white throne,"
Just hurry on a little more,
'Cause then you'll know you're almost Home.

A FAIR NEW DAY

A paling moon sinks in the West,
The stars have closed their eyes,—'tis morn;
A kindling light glows in the East,
A fair new day, in splendor born;
A fair new day, with fleeting hours,
And precious moments, every one
A golden opportunity
For kindly deed, ere setting sun.

A day for fellowship and love
For needy souls, bowed down with fear;
For cheerful word and friendly smile,
To warm the heart and dry the tear;
A day in which to live and act,
As if the same should be our last;
Tomorrow's sun may never shine;
And yesterday, forever past.

In one brief day, some weary heart
May faint and break, or leap with joy;
A word or look, may aid and bless,
Or some poor erring soul destroy;
A fair new day; oh keep it fair,
With naught to mar or chill or blight;
Control the tongue, guard well the lips;
Let mercy's way be our delight.

For far and near, in every land,
As if a restless sea were stirred,
From many hearts, in every tongue,
The voice of discontent is heard;
In this mad age of lust and greed,
Oh help us, Master of Our Fate,
To know the hour, and heed the signs
That go before, ere it's too late.

For yet another day must dawn;
Its tokens now are in the skies;
Its morning star doth now appear,
To those who "see", those who are "wise",
The watchman crieth in the night,
Behold, the morn is near at hand;
The day of Justice shall be born;
For brothers leagued together stand.

They claim their right to live their lives;
To live and love, as well as serve;
Till Justice shines thru all the earth,
They will not from their purpose swerve;
The hands that toil, the backs that bend,
Producing all of worth and wealth,
From forest, mine, shop, sea, and plain;
No longer will consent to stealth.

Another day is dawning fast;
Its morn is breaking o'er the earth;

Its rays are kindling in the East,
Its flood of glory, soon shall burst;
Gone class and caste, as brothers, all,
On earth, the "Golden Rule," shall live;
Then none shall rob, and none shall want,
And each a just account shall give.

Oh fair new day; in great travail,
Mankind hath waited for thy birth;
And still will suffer, toil, and strive,
Until thou shine thru all the earth;
Until at midday, gleaming bright,
We feel thy warm life-giving glow,
And see the brotherhood of man,
And Fatherhood of God, below.

SWEETHEARTS STILL

(Song)

Cupid, little prince of love,
In the Junetime, running wild,
While the skies are blue above,
Nights are starry, sweet and mild;
Look! he's spying you and me;
Now he shoots his little darts;
Aiming surely as can be,
For a pair of loving hearts.

CHORUS

Now we'll journey down the years,
Heart to heart and hand in hand;
Sharing all our joys and fears,
Sweethearts still; won't that be grand?

We'll just let him have his way,
Won't we, dearie, he's so wise?
I can tell you won't say nay,
By the love-light in your eyes;
Then he'll make us ever one;
Never more to drift apart;
For he knows just how 'tis done,
He's a wizard of the heart.

WISDOM

Fair Wisdom, come, with me abide;
I now would woo Thee to my side;
And hand in hand, while life shall last,
Till every joy or trial past,
Thy ever faithful lover be,
Content to journey on with Thee.

Thou, Wisdom, art a jewel rare;
Still shining out so bright and fair,
Thru all the turmoil and the strife:
Now, in my humble heart and life,
How fondly would I Thee embrace;
How gladly make for Thee a place.

Fair Wisdom, yea, come and abound;
For well we know where Thou art found,
Tho worldly honors may be few;
Each virtue, pure and grand and true,
Truth, mercy, patience, love and grace,
Shall quickly find and take their place.

True Wisdom, still our hope, our all;
As nations come and rise and fall;
For only those, when Thou appear,
And passing, gently linger near,
Ope wide their gates, to Thee implore,
And bid Thee enter, shall endure.

Oh Wisdom, may we Thee attain;
No price too great, if Thee we gain;
And hold Thee till life's journey's o'er;
Until we toil and sigh no more;
Until we sleep beneath the sod;
And waking, know that Thou art God.

AS SEE THE GODS

The Gods looked down in days of old,
On boasted lore of Greece and Rome,
And there beheld in archives deep,
And guarded well, 'neath gilded dome,
Where learned sage had pondered long;
Their codes of laws, and rule on rule,
To guide their ships of state aright,
And punish traitor, knave or fool.

They saw them crumble and decay,
And never shall they rise again;
For they, alas, remembered not,
That God would rule in hearts of men;
Nor had they seen that Wondrous Light,
Which for a thousand years had shone,
Which Moses saw in burning bush
On mountain top, with God, alone.

Nor yet observed His great commands;
In words of Christ made clear and plain;
Which thru the ages of the past,
And still, are held in cold disdain;
And judged their potency as naught;
As Egypt's horde held Aaron's rod;
To "Love thy neighbor as thyself,"
And own allegiance to thy God.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

Mid sylvan hills of old Vermont,
And valleys, bountiful and fair,
My childhood's happy days were spent
In her enchanting beauty there,
Where rippling streamlets wend their way
And flow toward the deep blue sea,
Thru shady nook and flowery dell,
Where sang the wild birds, glad and free.

Beside the stream the old mill stood,
With whirling, splashing water-wheel;
Cool nectar, from the hillside spring,
On tongue and brow, again I feel;
The joys of youth in memory live,
As sweet as rang the old church bell;
I cherish all, in fancy now,
And feel again their magic spell.

The humming of the mill has ceased;
The agelorn mill-wheel turns no more;
The hand of time has wrought decay;
The stream glides onward as of yore;
Nor seems to heed the changing scenes:
Tho far away and aged and slow,
I dream sweet dreams of childhood days
And happy hours of long ago.

THOU GREEDY OPPRESSOR

Thou who wouldst dare oppress the poor,
Who labor daily for their "bread";
What reason wilt thou offer God,
When thou art numbered with the dead?
When phantom faces, wan and ill,
Confront thee in that awful day,
How wilt thou then thy deeds excuse;
What pretext wilt thou offer, pray?

When toiling masses there appear,
And there accuse thee of thy greed,
Thou who in pleasure spent thy days,
While theirs were spent in toil and need,
Thou then shalt quail and quake with fear;
Because thou didst not do His will;
And when no answer thou canst find,
Thy tongue shall then be mute and still.

Dost think they only toil deserve?
Art thou, vain one, more just than they?
God, of one blood, all peoples made,
Nor madest thou of richer clay;
The more responsibility
Because of wealth, upon thee lies;
And still at heart, "Thou foolish one",
God's humble poor thou doth despise.

Remember Lazarus, of old,
And Dives, who treated him with scorn;
The same sad fate awaiteth thee,
When thou awake, at Judgment Morn,
Thou son of avaricious greed,
Who gave thee any special right?
Remember this, thou haughty one,
God's poor are precious in His sight.

When all the woes that curse the earth
Because of wanton, needless greed,
Are heaped in mountains to thy charge,
And from them thou canst not be freed,
There, at the Judgment Bar of God,
Thou'lt find no place at His "Right Hand";
Because no answer thou canst find;
Thou shalt condemned and silent stand.

THE MAN AT THE THROTTLE

There are many worthy heroes
Going up and down our land.
Men with fearlessness and virtue,
Loyal hearts and steady hand;
Men on whose unselfish courage
Many lives are often hung;
Ever faithful to their duties,
Yet their praises go unsung.

Many of these gallant veterans
Chose their task when young and fair;
Still to-day we find them steadfast,
Toiling on, with hoary hair;
Well they know how much we need them
In the busy hum of life,
During peace and times of comfort,
During turmoil, war and strife.

Whom, you ask, am I extolling,
In their labors, night and day?
'Tis the one who holds the throttle;
Sends the monster on its way
Rushing up and down our railways—
And I speak no idle boast;
Neither could I paint the horrors,
Were he sleeping at his post.

Were he ever slack or careless
In his vigil, day or night,
There were sure to be disaster:
He must read his orders right,
Watch for switch-light, sign and signal,
He must go, or he must stay;
Look for washout, slide, and tunnel,
While the rushing engine sway.

Quick your eye to see the danger;
You must know just what to do;
Rain, or blinding snow, or sunshine;
It is all the same to you;
Winds may rage and storm clouds gather,
Lightning flash and thunder peal;
Number Nine, must still make headway,
Down those glist'ning lines of steel.

Orders read, pass "ONE" at Milton;
Signals say the line is clear;
Yet we know your eyes are watching,
Unknown dangers may appear;
Many lives and countless treasure
Are depending, friends, on you;
Surely none could fill your places
Were their hearts not brave and true.

We are grateful for your service,
Mindful too with what you cope;

Do not think we are unconscious
Of its value and its scope;
Tho we may have seemed unmindful
In love's tribute you shall share;
High among your fellow toilers,
You will find your name is there.

Tho we do not meet you often,
And we fail in words of praise,
It's because we too are busy,
In life's dizzy whirl and maze,
But we trust, when time is ended,
And you've made your final run,
When the pearly gates swing open,
We shall greet you, every one.

HEALING THE HEARTACHES

(Song)

Somebody's pathway is dreary,
Cumbered with grief and care;
Somebody's heart is weary,
Boding in dark despair;
Groping along in the shadows,
Ofttimes the tear drops fall;
Drinking with bitter anguish,
The wormwood and the gall.

CHORUS

Just a little deed of kindness,
Just a little word of cheer;
But oh, how they heal the heartaches,
And drive far away every fear;
Just like the golden sunbeams,
After the clouds and tears,
LOVE, shining down thru the ages,
With HEALING thru all the years.

Somebody's pathway is brighter;
Swiftly the shadows flee;
Somebody's burden's lighter,
Look now, and you shall see,
Gladness in place of the heartaches,
Sorrows have flown away;
Tear drops have turned to smiling,
Sighing to joyous lay.

WHEN PEACE SHALL REIGN

The Dove of Peace, Spirit of Light,
From God's eternal throne;
Sent to the earth, to hearts of men,
With them to make his home;
That whomsoe'er would bid him stay,
In all the earth below,
On them a hallowed light should rest,
In tranquil calm to glow.

But where no welcome he should find,
By word or look or call,
He might not tarry in his flight,
With any, great or small;
Save where a heart with gratitude,
His presence would receive,
He there might enter in with joy,
And every pain relieve.

And thus he came with eagerness,
His mission to fulfil;
To bring the balm of peace and joy,
Of kindness and good will;
Surely, rich blessings, such as these,
No heart would wish to spurn,
Surely, from sorrow, pain and strife,
Mankind would gladly turn.

Surely, from darkness and dismay,
From warfare's galling blight,
With joy the multitudes of earth
Will turn to peace and light;
Surely the sacrifice of blood,
On war's grim altar slain,
Will purge the greedy heart of man,
Of avarice for gain.

Thus came the Dove of Peace to earth,
Down from the vaulted skies,
That he might heal the aching hearts,
And banish tears and sighs;
He circled o'er the gilded domes
Of cities, great and fair,
O'er busy mart, o'er palace grand,
But found no welcome there.

He made his way o'er fertile plains,
By woods and stream and shore;
He sought to make his presence known,
Alike to rich and poor;
But every place he sought in rest,
His weary wings to fold,
He heard the turmoil, surge and stress
And struggling for gold.

Till faint and weary, sick and sad,
He sought the mountains high,

That he might find a quiet spot
To rest, or he must die;
For on the fertile plains of "Lot",—
Of pride and greed and goad,
Of quest for honor, fame and wealth,—
Fair Peace found no abode.

High on the lonely mountain side,
Far from the strife and din,
The lowly shepherd watched his flock,
Leading them out and in;
By waters cool, mid spreading elms,
To rest them 'neath their shade;
And here the song-birds build their nests,
With naught to make afraid.

And here the Dove of Peace found rest;
This humble one could see
And understand that he had come
To bless humanity;
Here Peace might fold his wings, once more,
And on the earth remain;
Ere he should perish or retreat,
And fail his cause to gain.

Thus shall the lowly ones of earth
Possess this priceless gem;
Here shall the Dove of Peace abide
And make his home with them,

Else Peace must vanish from the earth
And all be lost to greed;
While mortals, in their thirst for gold,
Forsake their greater need.

Until a blood-stained world, grown sick
Of strife and shame and gold,
Of hollow fame and pomp and sham,—
For which its birth-right sold,—
Shall welcome then, with open arms,
Back to its heart, again,
Fair Peace; and he, o'er all the earth,
Triumphantly, shall reign.

O NOBLE LOVE OF WOMAN'S HEART

(World War Poem)

Mid roses of the sunny south,
And fragrant towering southern pine,
I lingered with my sweetheart, there,
And parting, took her hands in mine;
For on the morrow I must go
In answer to my country's call;
And in the carnage, o'er the sea,
There, with my comrades, stand or fall.

I kissed her trembling, ruby lips,
Her trusting eyes were raised to mine,
And in their wondrous azure depth,
I saw the gentle love-light shine;
I pressed her fondly to my breast,
I felt the throbbing of her heart;
Her lovely cheeks were wet with tears;
The time drew near when we must part.

Nor did she murmur or complain,
Nor speak one word of her dismay;
Not tho her loving heart should break,
To bravely send me on my way;
I heard her whisper words in prayer;
I knew they reached the great white throne;
I kissed her upturned lips, once more,
And left her, grieving there alone.

O noble love of woman's heart;
No poet can express thy praise;
The half has never yet been said,
In gushing song, or flowery phrase;
Of mother's love, of sweetheart's love,
Or love of country, strong and deep;
For man must struggle, war and die,
But thine, to love, and wait, and weep.

WHAT THINK YE ?

Should toilers (where'er we may find them
In labors to bless humankind,
Denying their own ease and comfort),
Be shunned, as tho guilty of crime?
Be held in disdain and derision
By those they have aided to wealth,
By those who have gained by their toiling,
Their giving of vigor and health?

Should children (deprived of their play-time,
As fair and as worthy as thine),
Be prisoned in mill and in sweat-shop,
While for the bright sunshine they pine?
Illtreated, untutored, disheartened;
What cause will they have for belief
In Liberty, Justice, or Freedom,
Environed by hardship and grief?

Should those old and worn in their toiling,
The needs of the world to supply,
Oft feeble and helpless and homeless,
Be left, poor and lonely, to die?
Great God, is this civilization,
Of which we're so boastingly told,
Can this be the fair land of freedom,
Our forefathers bled for, of old?

Should industry have, as its basis,
Competitive grasping and greed?
No wish to apply The Golden Rule,
No kindness for brother, in need?
Can nations survive these conditions?
Turn back and enquire of the past;
Where empires, once great, lie in ruins,
And judge if our nation can last?

Should striving for fame and for riches,
Or toiling for "bread", day by day,
Impoverish the world of its kindness,
And drive love and gladness away?
Must warm hearts grow cold, irresponsible,
And fond arms receive us no more,
Must glad eyes not give us their welcome,
Or smiles never greet, as of yore?

GOSSIP

If gossip you should chance to hear,
By crooning, smiling, long-tongued Jane,
Some scandal poured into your ear,
Much longer than a box-car train,
Can't you just let it stop with you?
Not pass it on from door to door,
Nor like so often people do,
Keep adding just a little more.

Yes, Mrs. Blather called to-day,
She lives next door to Mrs. Skite;
She says Miss Flip has gone away;
Both she and Softheart left last night
On Number Eight; that's pretty slick;
It's strange they both should go at once,
And Mrs. Softheart's very sick;
They say that he is such a dunce.

He falls for every simp he sees;
Of course Miss Flip is pretty chick,
She wears her dresses to her knees,
And paints and uses a lipstick.
I don't think Softheart went, I said;
True saw him in the store to-day,
Miss Flip told True her Aunt was dead;
I 'spose that's why she's gone away.

She did? Who's that? Oh, Mrs. Cat,
She lives out close to Mrs. Hall,
They say she wears the biggest "rat",
She's scarcely any hair at all;
I don't see how some folks can dress
And put on airs the way they do;
They say they're in an awful mess
For selling whiskey, or homebrew.

And Mrs. Tonguetied, she told me
That that old rascal, Deacon Black,
Was caught out under Thompson's tree,
A-putting chickens in a sack;
Well, I must go now, Mrs. True;
I see your husband coming in,
Don't think he likes me much, do you?
I guess it's cause I'm rather thin.

And so this gossiping goes on;
I wonder when 'twill ever cease?
I 'spose 'twill be when time is gone
And human tongues shall rest in peace;
But if you simply don't repeat
The stuff that's poured into your ear,
This vicious practice must retreat;
Millennium will then be near.

A VISION OF YOUTH

A dream I had long years ago,
When life was new and dreams were sweet,
That I a mighty prince, might be,
With homage offered at my feet;
I've seen again, this youthful dream,
From time to time and year to year,
But how it should be brought about,
In dreams, was never made quite clear.

But now, from out the maze, I see
The meaning of this midnight trance;
That this, like Joseph's dream, of old,
May come to everyone, perchance,
Who keep their heart both pure and sweet,
And all the way a smile shall wear,
To cheer and gladden troubled hearts,
To banish sadness and dull care.

If you will strew life's way with song
And ever try to aid and bless
With kindly words and loving deeds,
Each weary soul, in grim distress,
You'll never want for friends, I know;
For great and lowly, you shall meet
Both rich and poor, of all the earth,
Shall spread love's tribute at your feet.

DO IT NOW

If you have friends, sure, tried and true,
And who are very dear to you,
Why wait till they have passed away,
Or yet till they are old and gray;
Why wait till they no longer hear
Love's futile message, on their ear?

Why wait with flowers their graves to strew
To show them they are dear to you,
Why from their lives this pleasure hold,
Until their hearts are still and cold?
But NOW, while yet their bright eyes glow,
Just grasp their hands, and tell them so.

HUMANITY THRU ALL THE YEARS

While retrospectively I gaze
Into the ages past, I see
A being as with human form,
And likeness of humanity,
Emerging from the great unknown;
Humanity, as at its birth,
Clad only in its swaddling clothes,
And creeping slowly, on the earth.

And while in wonderment I gaze,
I see it struggle to its feet,
And try to stand erect and walk;
First to advance, and then retreat;
And gaining knowledge with its strength,
I see it groping for the light,
Which shineth as on mountain-top,
The name of which, is truth and right.

Its birth-place, in a wondrous dale;
As tho prepared by hand most kind;
A garden fair, with luscious fruits
Of every sort, on tree and vine;
I gaze upon its loveliness;
This cradle of the human race;
The natal home of primal man
And helpmeet; she of fairer face.

But when again I look, alas,
I scarcely can believe my eyes;
For nowhere can I find this twain
Within the bounds of paradise;
But out upon the parched plain,
I see them toiling for their bread;
And on their countenance a change
That speaks of sorrow and of dread.

And now (as peoples multiply
And fill the earth, while ages swing,
And empires flourish, rise and fall,
With craftsmen, tradesmen, priest and king,
All mingling in intercourse,
Pursuing pleasure, fame and wealth),
I see dark shadows creeping in
Upon the scene, with subtle stealth.

And as the clouds obscure the light,
I see the hearts of men wax bold
To profit at their brothers' loss;
To barter sacred things for gold;
I see the poor of earth, oppressed;
Their burdens cause their faith to fail;
Humanity is cast adrift;
With rudder gone, and tattered sail.

I see a straight and narrow path
Which leadeth to the Home on High;

But few there be who walk therein,
And as I gaze I wonder why;
I hear "The Voice", resounding still;
Its warning cry, to-day the same;
For wide the gate and broad the way,
That leadeth to eternal shame.

Now cometh One with gracious mien,
Along the shores of Galilee;
I see Him in His work of love
And service to humanity;
I see a rugged, cruel cross;
I see the Prince of Glory, slain;
And there a rich atonement made
For all who call upon His name.

And as I gaze on all the guilt,
The conflict, wretchedness, and sin,
A sickening horror fills my heart,
My soul and all that is within;
And in my grief I shout aloud
And cry to all humanity,
As tho to stay it in its course—
Its mad career of vanity.

I see it drifting hopelessly
Toward the cruel, sullen reef;
No power apparent in its self
To guide its course, or bring relief:

Humanity, thru all the years;
With all it holds of joy and pain;
With all its battles for the right;
Its conquerors; its heroes slain.

With all its bitterness and strife;
Its thirst for honor, power, and fame;
With all it holds of love and light;
With all its weakness, vice, and shame;
I marvel, while with awe I gaze;
I see, but cannot understand
Its selfishness, its cruelty—
Man's inhumanity to man.

Oh thou "undone" humanity;
Who hath enticed thee from the way,
And caused thy feet to shun the path
Of light, for darkness and dismay?
Who gave to thee a heart of stone,
A soul, where pity cannot dwell,
A will, conforming not to love,
And brought thee to the gates of hell?

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER

(World War Poem)

I know you well remember, dear,
The day the home boys went away,
The trembling lips, the parting sighs;
We never shall forget that day.

The hopes, the fears, the prayers, the tears,
As loved ones go and loved ones stay;
While mothers' hearts were struggling hard
To bravely send their boys away.

Then hurry, scurry, all aboard,
With parting cheers we rolled away;
To take our place and do our part,
Without complaint, without dismay.

That boasted might shall not make right;
But truth and justice shall prevail;
For men from whence was freedom born,
Would fight again, and shall not fail.

Tho all the wrath of hell should burst
Our dauntless "Sammies" would not flinch;
But shot for shot, and shell for shell,
Drove back the tyrant, inch by inch.

And here, the sons of noble sires
Who fought to set their nation free,
Poured out their life-blood, yet once more,
To still "Make way for liberty."

And victory at last is ours
And many hearts will soon be glad
To see their loved ones safe at home;
But many hearts must still be sad.

For such is war, and such is strife;
Oh may we soon this lesson learn:
To "Love our neighbor as ourself",
And never more against him turn.

PANORAMA OF LIFE

Sometimes we wonder, why this life?
From whence its source? Where does it lead?
As days go by with steady stride,
And years, with ever-hast'ning speed;
Till like a swiftly flowing stream
That rushes onward to the sea,
So we, upon the stream of time,
Are borne toward eternity.

A stream with ever-changing mood;
Of placid quay, and hidden reef;
Of rapids, turbulent with strife,
Then calms of mirth, then shoals of grief;
Fain would our weary vessel rest,—
With its allotted voyage o'er,
Drop anchor on some haven strand,
Some happy land, some peaceful shore.

Like an allusive dream, this life;
To-day 'tis ours, to-morrow gone;
Passed from the stage of time and sense,
And still we know, shall e'er love on;
So great, the possibilities
Emplanted in this human form,
Yet oft neglected, dwarfed and bare;
This potent source of good or harm.

An all-absorbing drama, life,
With varied scenes, of joys and tears;
Of tender love, and faith and trust,
Of cruel hatred, doubts and fears;
With scenes of wealth and careless ease,
With scenes of stern, unveiled despair;
With scenes of weary toil and strife,
With scenes of glamour, pomp and glare.

A drama, old as time itself;
Its plot, intensified with years;
Its actors, those of every race
And tongue, upon its stage appears;
We play our role, and then pass on;
For each must have their part and share;
Which some perform with small regard;
While others act with greatest care.

Old Masters, of a chosen stock,
Whose faith, triumphant o'er their fears,
Have shown the path where man should walk
With peace and joy in place of tears;
Who long had known the source of life,
And at the Fountain-head, drank deep;
Tho they have gone to their reward,
Their deeds live on—shall never sleep.

Shall we not hold their standards high?
Shall we not answer when they call?

Shall we not haste to fill the ranks
And take the place of those who fall,
And press the battle, ere the night?
Then shall we truly cry with Paul,
"O grave, where is thy victory?"
As life shall end and curtain fall.

LONELY BACHELOR

I'm lonely for a little girl
To love me well and true,
A little girl with golden hair,
Sweet lips, and eyes so blue;
A little girl with radiant smiles,
Like sunshine on the dew;
And don't you know I'm wishing, dear,
That little girl were you?

A little girl to make me glad,
All life's long journey thru;
And surely, we would do our best,
To make her happy, too;
Then we would dwell in sweet content,
And laugh when storm clouds brew;
And don't you know I'm wishing, dear,
That little girl were you?

That little girl, tho eyes grow dim,
And tresses change their hue,
To me shall never older grow;
Believe me, for 'tis true,
For we shall dwell in love secure,
Nor fear what years may do;
And don't you know I'm wishing, dear,
That little girl were you.

PROVIDENCE

We see a wondrous providence
When all God's mighty works we scan,
And like the psalmist did, of old,
We ask the question, What is man?
Poor erring man, and still so wise,
Who from the dust was formed, we're told,
Then in his nostrils, life was breathed,
And man became a living soul.

A wondrous being, man became,
With power to reason, see and hear,
To treasure, covet, yield and share,
To love, to hate, confide, and fear;
And manifold his wants and needs,
His aspirations and desires,
And still, a kindly providence,
Which covers all that man requires.

A wondrous world in which to live,
With brilliant splendors in its skies;
And here and there, materials
For every use, about him lies,
Of which to make whate'er he wills;
And power and energy at hand
That he may harness and control
And make to serve at his command.

With meats and fruits and golden grains,
And milk and honey, herbs and game,
An ample store on which to feed,
That words and time could scarcely name;
With beauties rare on every hand
Of every kind, to please the eye,
While harmonies, sweet and profound,
His sense of hearing gratify.

And of the many gracious gifts
We might continue to relate;
And best of all, that man should find
A sympathetic, loving mate,
And children to his home may come;
What more can mortal man desire
To fill his heart with gratitude,
And pure and lofty aims inspire?

Surely to greed he would not stoop
Nor yet to selfish thought give heed,
When such provision hath been made
To amply care for every need;
Enough for each, enough for all;
If each and all alike should share,
No want to anyone could come;
Enough for ALL—and yet to spare.

MARY AND BLANCHE

Mary and Blanche, two little chums,
With rosy cheeks and dark brown hair;
With ruby lips and pretty eyes,
And merry laughter, free from care;
Full well we love these little maids,
And wish them naught but joy and gain;
If aught of ill should come to them,
'Twould fill our hearts with grief and pain.

For well we know, as years have taught,
There's snares and pitfalls by the way,
And little girls so sweet and fair,
Should often stop and think and pray
That He who gave them life and breath
Will keep them always pure and sweet;
And in the path of wisdom, true,
Will ever guide their little feet.

We wish these little friends of ours
To live, and gain as years go by,
The love of worthy, faithful men,
And homes, without a tear or sigh;
With all that makes this life worth while;
As fortune smiles, may joys remain,
Thru years of happiness and love,
With ne'er a trace of grief or pain.

But now, of course, these little maids,
Are tender budding little flowers;
They go to school, they work and play,
And while away the happy hours;
They're not exactly just alike,
For one is short, the other tall;
One doesn't talk so very much,
The other one can do it all.

A TALE OF THE ROOSEVELT TRAIL

There's a great highway leading out to-day,
Westward, from an inland sea,
Over hill and dale it's a friendly trail,
Pleasures there, for you and me;
For it bears the name of a man of fame,
One whose kindness could not fail;
So when life seems mean, get your limousine
Out upon the Roosevelt Trail.

Over fen and moor, by the cool lake shore,
Winding brook and flowery dell,
Fields of new mown hay where the children play,
And the birds their raptures tell;
Thru the towering pine with a sweep sublime,
And the woodland pastures fair,
Where the soft winds blow, and the daisies grow,
And the heart is free from care.

And we glide along with a laugh and song
Till we reach the level plain,
Where our eyes behold, like a sea of gold,
Boundless fields of waving grain;
Farther on, we're told, in the days of old,
On the grassy lands so free,
Here on prancing steed, at a break-neck speed,
Daring cowboys rode in glee.

In this same broad land, with true heart and hand,
Once a great man came to dwell;
Here with kindly deed helping those in need,
And his name, I need not tell;
Our trail does not end, but we now ascend
The heights of the great divide;
And we wend our way up, without dismay,
The trail where no ills betide.

Up mid crag and dome, dashing waters foam,
Where the speckled beauties be,
Now for rod and line, for the fishing's fine,
It's the life for you and me;
We would longer stay, but we'll speed away,
Tow'rd the distant fruitful vales;
Where we'd love to dwell and their beauties tell,
But our words seem idle tales.

Rushing mountain streams, lakes where sunlight
gleams,
Meadows green, kine, fruits and grain,
Homes in sheltered nooks, close by crystal brooks,
What more could there be to gain?
Now our journey's thru, for the ocean blue
Rolls in splendor at our feet;
We have reached the place, where in wondrous
grace,
True beauty and grandeur meet.

RELENTLESS TIME

Oh time, why must thou hasten on;
And leave us old and worn and cold?
If thou wouldst in thy haste forbear,
Thy coffers would be filled with gold.

A kingdom, for a moment more,
In which to live and move and act;
To some unkindly deed erase,
Some angry, cruel word retract.

But no, thou wilt not stay nor pause;
Tho kings would all their wealth bestow;
A time to laugh, a time to weep,
A time to harvest what we sow.

And as we sow, thus shall we reap;
God is not mocked; His words are true;
If we would then good deeds receive,
We must the same to others do.

For thus the word of God decrees;
A time on earth to man is given,
In which to labor, love, and act,
And thus prepare the soul for Heaven.

HAVE YOU MET THIS LITTLE MAID ?

(Song)

I know a little bright-eyed girl,
With golden hair, and teeth like pearl;
Delightful form and fair sweet face,
Bewitching smile, and charming grace;
We know he'll be a happy man,
Who at the altar claims her hand;
The wedding ring will seal her heart,
And no one e'er shall steal a part.

CHORUS

If you should meet this little maid,
Don't shy around or be afraid;
My good advice to you is this:
To win her love, and wedded bliss.

Then as you journey down the years,
You of her love need have no fears;
She'll always do her best to please,
And never pout nor scold nor tease;
Come fortune fair or grim distress,
She'll greet you with a sweet caress;
Her loving heart will still be true,
When skies are gray, as when they're blue.

IDLE THOUGHTS

We haven't very much to do—
That's why we're writ'n verses swell,
'Bout little fishes in the brook
And daisies bloom'n in the dell;
Our mind will somehow wander back
To bygone days, for which we sigh,
When we would kiss the maid'ns fair,
While they were coming thru the rye.

If we had lots of work to do
Till late at night, from early morn,
We wouldn't think of silvery moons,
And lovely maid'ns, all forlorn;
But now, these dreary winter days,
And snow drifts high,—we hate to tell—
Don't parch our lips nor make us think
Of oaken buckets in the well.

So we just think of other things—
'Bout hunt'n rabbits, lots of fun,
And how we couldn't find the game
Unless we didn't have our gun;
It's nice to think of being kids
And playing little jokes at school,
But not so nice to think of times
And how the teacher used the rule.

So while we haven't much to do,
But sit and think of days of ol',
And how us boys would slip away
And gather at the swimmin' hole,
And do a lot of little stunts
For which we never did want praise;
When everything is said and done,
We know those were the happy days.

Still, while we sometimes like to sit
And think of boyhood, now and then,
We're glad we didn't stop at that,
And never grow up to be men;
We're glad to get into the game
And struggle on with all our might;
Contend and labor, night or day,
For what to us seems just and right.

THE HUMBLE TOILER

Sometime ago, I came upon
An humble toiler, old and gray,
Whom I had known for many years,
And saw him labor day by day,
Thru rain and shine, thru heat and cold,
As faithfully as 'rose the sun;
And still, the sweat stood on his brow,
With life's full measure almost run.

"Old friend," said I, and took his hand;
"Are still your labors not complete,
With all these years of faithful toil;
Is still your recompense not meet
To amply care for you and yours?
Whom each I know have done their part,
And all along, have guarded well
Each wish and impulse of the heart.

"I know thy cheerful helpmate; she
Who with her love has blessed thy life,
And patiently performed her trust;
A loving mother, faithful wife
And labored with an holy zeal
For those she loves; her one delight,
To bring to them all that is good,
To make their lives more pure and bright."

This veteran toiler prest my hand
And spoke these words with honest pride:
"It cheers my heart that you have seen,
And realized how hard we've tried
To do our best for those we love;
To raise them to a higher plane,
To bring them broader, freer life,
And less of drudgery and pain.

"And tho we've done our very best,
We still have only meager store;
And oftentimes have all but failed
To keep gaunt hunger from our door;
And thus we still must labor on;
Nor slack our toil till life is o'er
To do our utmost; and to pray
That God will bless the humble poor."

And then in meditative mood
I turned and strolled into the woods;
And thot of Him who made all things
And said when finished, all were good;
He spread the fertile plains afar,
And clothed with grass and fruits and grain;
The wealth of earth and sea and sky
He loaned to man, without a stain.

Not to the few, but unto all;
That all might use and live content;

That in His bounty, ALL should share,
It seemeth JUST, that thus 'twas meant;
That peace and gratitude should reign
Wherever man might wish to dwell;
Alas, how soon the spoiler came,
And man from wisdom's pathway fell.

For love "That seeketh not her own",
Hath given place to lust and greed;
Where pampered rich treat with disdain,
Misfortune's child in direst need;
In place of sympathy and love,
Instead of peace and harmony,
In place of happiness and song,
A weird, unholy scene we see.

Where multitudes of poor must toil
From early years to latest age,
Still poverty is handed down
As tho a fated heritage;
While richer still the wealthy grow,
Who profit, as the poor man toils,
And greater still, their thirst for gold,
From peace or war, commerce or spoils.

And thus alone, I ponder long
And wonder what the end will be;
But when I scan the distant past,
The answer is not hard to see;

And then the remedy I sought ;
Were it a greater charity,
Would giving to the needy ones
Accomplish peace and harmony?

Nay, labor is a noble thing,
And does not ask for gift or pelf ;
Her only quest a just reward ;
Seeks no advantage for herself ;
Just recompense, for all who toil
In every land or clime ; and she,
Producing all of worth or wealth,
Must not be kept in poverty.

The poor must have, as others have ;
An opportunity to rise,
And to develop every power,
That latent in each mortal lies ;
Immortal soul, and intellect,
The moral, physical, and then
Attributes and attainments,
As the Creator did intend.

Till every life, full and complete,
With love and joy and grace abound ;
And happiness and usefulness
Shall blend, in harmony profound :
Not by grim poverty, enslaved,
Nor void of culture, dwarfed and bare,

Unlearned, uncouth, demure machines
To grind out wealth they do not share.

Tho they have borne with patience long,
Even the worm will turn at last;
For proof of which we need but gaze
On ruined empires of the past:
Will rulers ne'er this lesson learn,
Will those who guide our ship of state
Still fail to heed the gathering storm,
Until, alas, it be too late?

AN ODE TO A BACHELOR FRIEND

A tall straight man, blue eyes and fair,
With genial smile and auburn hair,
As nice a man as you will find,
With pleasing ways and manners kind;
He has, of course, made some mistakes,—
Don't judge him harsh, for goodness sake,—
For many more have done the same
And risen still to wealth and fame.

His heart we know is good and true,
Unworthy deed he'd never do;
He'll treat you fair, and face to face,
I'd trust him any time or place;
Well versed is he, you'll find this true,
In works of art and science too;
In history's realm of ancient acts
He'll give you dates and quote you facts.

One thing he lacks, we're sad to state,
Some good true woman for his mate;
We know a better one than he
No girl could find or wish to see;
Genteel and kind and good and true
And brave and loyal, thru and thru;
We can't believe nor quite condone
That he should go thru life alone.

Nor why that he should choose this way
And journey on from day to day,
With none to share or cheer his life
As loving, true and faithful wife,
We can not see nor understand ;
We do not think it thus was planned ;
We think that He who rules our fate,
Intended man should find his mate.

A helpmate all life's journey thru ;
When skies are gray, and when they're blue ;
Two hearts as one, to aid and bless,
In fortune fair, or grim distress ;
The same holds true in every land,
With humble serf, or monarch grand ;
But he's not old, it's not too late,
We trust he still will find his mate.

WHAT'S THE USE TO BE SAD ?

What's the use to be sad?
Better far to be glad,
And respond with a smile than a tear,
Then let's sing some sweet song,
As we journey along,
Till we banish all sadness and fear.

Let's not worry and fret
When no cause for regret,
Not a cloud in the blue sky above,
With bright stars of the night
Sweetly shedding their light;
All about us is beauty and love.

Then in fellowship sweet,
With our friends we shall meet,
While sweet music resounds in the air;
And with hearts glad and free,
Pure delight we shall see,
While we drive far away every care.

Not a tear nor a frown
Anywhere to be found,
When we all do our part and keep sweet;
If you'll wear a glad smile,
And spread joy, all the while,
Kings shall come and bow down at your feet.

MY MOTHER'S SMILES

(Song)

My thoughts are far away, to-night,
I see the old home by the hill;
In childhood days of work and play,
And mother's smiles, I see them still;
I see the many happy haunts
Where I would rove, care-free and gay;
Tho far away, to manhood grown,
It seems as only yesterday.

CHORUS

Yes, I can see them all to-night,
And for the comfort of her smiles,
I would walk long, weary miles;
They would make my dreary pathway bright.

I see the waters clear and cool,
That bubble from the hillside spring,
And from the sylvan dale near by,
I hear the happy wild birds sing;
I see the fields and meadow lands,
I see the little winding stream
With willows waving on its banks;
In fancy now, how real they seem.

THE UNBELIEVER

The one who sees this dear old world of ours,
This swiftly whirling, ever-circling sphere,
Go speeding on its journey 'round the sun,
And thus control the seasons, year by year,
Beholds the splendor of that mighty orb,
Which brightly shines to bless and rule the day,
The blinking stars, appearing one by one,
The silvery moon, and mystic milky way.

And sees the vapor from the ocean broad,
As in the clouds, it's carried o'er the plains,
And when the thirsty earth is parched and dry,
Sees it come down again, in copious rains;
And in the winding brooks and mighty streams,
He sees it pouring back into the deep;
And hears the roar of breakers on the shore,
And views the waves, as mountain high they
sweep.

He knows the wealth of fruits and grass and
grain,
Beholds "His cattle, on a thousand hills";
The wealth that lies in forest, mine and plain,
The waterfalls, that labor as man wills;
The air we breathe, the light, the heat, the cold,
And all the powers and agencies at hand,

Placed here and there, subdued, enhanced, controlled,
And made to serve and toil, on sea and land.

He sees the varied beauty of the birds,
And hears them blithely singing in the trees ;
He knows the grace and fragrance of the flowers,
The skill and wisdom of the busy bees ;
The beauty of the Springtime, fresh and sweet,
The rainbow and the azure skies above ;
Beholds the works and wonders of His hands,
But knows not, that there IS a God of Love.

EVER SWEETHEARTS, YOU AND I

(Song)

I've a secret, dear, while we linger here,
And the skies are blue above;
No one else but you, would I tell it to,
For my secret, dear, is love;
There's a winsome grace, in your smiling face,
And your heart, so true and pure,
And the radiant light in your eyes so bright,
Tells me of your love, I'm sure.

CHORUS

Sweetheart, name the day, not too far away,
When we need not say, Good-by;
Then we'll sigh no more, all our partings o'er,
Ever sweethearts, you and I.

For I love you too, don't you know I do?
And my heart is thine alone,
And your lips, so sweet, make my joy complete,
As you press them to my own;
Constant be our love, as the stars above,
As the years go drifting by;
And 'twill sweeter grow, as we onward go,
Ever sweethearts, you and I.

DREAMING OF MOTHER

(Song)

I could ne'er forget my mother dear,
With her tender patient smile,
Tho I've wandered far, yes, far away,
Where the bright lights did beguile,
In my dreaming now I can see her there,
In tears when I went away,
And I knew she loved her wayward boy,
As she begged of me to stay.

CHORUS

But now she has gone to her long, long home,
On the shores of the crystal sea;
With angels is singing the glad new song,
As she's waiting there for me.

I would call them back, my childhood days,
Ere the wild gay life began;
I would feel the joy of mother near;
Tell her, angels, if you can,
How I'd love to sit at her feet once more,
And list to the stories told,
Of fairies bright, in the fading light,
As I did in days of old.

NATURE LOVERS

Some love the winter time the best,
And of its joys they're boasting,
As down some long snow-covered hill
In merry train they're coasting;
They love the winter evenings, long,
For the sleighride and the dancing,
The music of the sleighbells chime,
As the fiery steeds go prancing.

Or gliding o'er the sparkling ice
With a graceful stroke and measure,
With rosy cheeks and hearty laugh,
It is great for health and pleasure;
Or gathered 'round the fireside bright,
With popcorn-balls, and apples red,
With game and song, and laugh and joke
Before 'tis time to go to bed.

But oh you good old summer time;
It is of you, I love to sing,
With all your wealth of fruits and grains,
Which sunshine warm, and showers bring;
Who could but love thy gladsome days
With fragrant rose, and singing birds
Thy shady woodland pastures fair,
With skipping lambs and lowing herds?

We love the fields of growing grain,
The fragrance of the new mown hay,
Or fishing, on their shady banks,
As murmuring streams glide on their way;
And now the time of harvest comes;
The reapers hum as forth they go,
While sheaves are gathered into shocks
And stood in long and tidy row.

We love the fields of verdant corn,
Which autumn turns to brown and gold,
Then all the wealth of precious grains
To feed all peoples, young and old;
Fair nature smiles on every side
To fill the heart of man with cheer,
At close of good old Summer time,
The crowning season of the year.

We view it all with grateful awe,
And meditate on nature's plan;
Still realize how small a part
Can "enter into heart of man";
For finite mind can never grasp
The boundless measure of thy scope;
We know there's One who rules it all,
And fills our fainting hearts with hope.

THE WRECKED AND RUINED HOME

The picture of a former time,
Before your mind, I now would paint,
When all was well in this blest home,
Ere it had known this fearful taint;
The mother's heart was free from care,
In her loved home, so bright and warm;
The father's heart beat brave and true
Within a kind and manly form.

Here happy children's voices rang,
While in their gleeful, care-free play,
They cheered and blest the busy hours
With many sweet and joyous lay;
But now alas, another scene,
Where all is gloom and bare and cold,—
Of many homes thruout our land,
This same sad story might be told.

And now you ask of me again,
What wrought this ruin that we see;
And brot this home, where all was joy
To all this want and misery;
This father to these filthy rags,
Those half-clad children weeping there;
Without a friend, in such a home,
Without a loving mother's care?

And now I needs must say to you,
The curse which brot all this to pass,—
And hark ye well, man, youth or maid,—
Lurks in the fatal, social glass;
In it, the fearful die is cast;
The social glass, the tempter's snare;
Thou wrecker of this happy home,
Destroyer of the pure and fair.

This mother, patient, good and true,
Toiled on in grief, and shame and care,
Until her breaking heart stood still;
She's lying in the church-yard, there;
Oh neighbor, brother, sister mine,
Fight on, nor in thy warfare slack;
To drive this demon from our land,
And see that he shall ne'er come back.

.

THE MERRY HEART

We love the youthful, glad and merry heart,
Which maketh for its friends a lasting feast;
The cheerful heart that shineth forth at dawn,
Whose warmth and glow by clouds is not decreased;
The loving heart, which strife and cares of life
Hath not assailed or caused it to grow cold;
The heart, by guile and selfishness unscathed,
Of greater worth than mountains of fine gold.

And yet, how oft the tender heart is bruised
By cruel thrust, by thoughtless word and deed;
How often seared by jealousy and strife,
By quest for fame, by poverty or greed,
Until a hard impassive mass of woe;
So filled with envy, pride and pomp and sin,
So void of former purity and joy,
That truth or kindness scarce are found within.

How shall the cheerful heart escape this fate?
How shall the merry heart retain its place?
How shall we shield its priceless warmth and glow,
Its joyousness, its purity and grace?
The youthful heart, from faithful friend must learn

Of snares and pitfalls, and their fearful end;
Be taught to know and choose "the better part";
Forewarned, forearmed, youth, truth, and wisdom blend.

And thus environed 'round, it only then
Need pity feel, for what would do it harm;
Where knowledge, sympathy and love shall guard,
No ill shall come, no enemy alarm;
The merry heart shall melt the dross away,
And in the desert cause the rose to bloom;
Its purity, its gentleness, its charm,
Shall banish envy, bitterness and gloom.

Oh that the world were full of merry hearts;
Then would our sordidness, our harshness, cease;
Then would the wrongs and ills of life retreat,
And happiness and peace and joy increase;
How truly we should prize the merry heart;
No curative unto it can compare
To make this old world well and warm and
bright,
And banish pain and sadness and despair.

THE VOICE OF THE STORM

So bright, over hill, plain and valley,
The sun has arisen to view ;
On leaf and on grass-blade and petal,
Like jewels, all radiant, the dew ;
'Tis Springtime ; so sweet, so entrancing ;
All nature rejoicing in tune ;
The birds and the bees and the blossoms,
Proclaiming the beauties of June.

The children, so full of enjoyment,
Can scarcely their raptures contain ;
They romp o'er the hills and the meadows,
By woodlands and broad fields of grain ;
They play 'neath the green shady bowers,
They wander by brooklet and rill ;
So happy, the days of our childhood ;
They dwell in our memory, still.

But hark, on the soft morning zephyr,
A deep vibrant rumbling, I hear ;
And low in the West, long and frowning,
Great billows of storm clouds appear ;
And nearer the deep thunder's rolling,
The sky growing dark and o'ercast,
The red lightning flashes incessant,
The storm breaks, with roar and with blast,

The wind and the rain dash in fury,
And beat on the West window pane;
The storm-gods ride forth, wild and ruthless;
O'er meadow, o'er ploughland and plain;
With crash and with raging and madness,
The voice of the storm, fierce and long;
And then, with its fury abating,
Grows fainter, more distant, is gone.

But ruin is left in its pathway,
Where beauty at dawn, all aglow,
The lashing of winds and of torrents,
Have many bright prospects laid low;
Loved homes have been shattered and wasted;
Wiped out are the labors of years;
And hearts that were glad with the morning,
Are heavy, and eyes fill with tears.

And thus, in life's pilgrimage journey,
So oft, the dark storm clouds appear;
Afflictions break forth in their fury
From skies that were placid and clear;
Life's morning, its noontide, its evening,
May witness the storm clouds of grief;
And promising fields, of the Spring time,
Lie barren of fruitage or sheaf.

Life's pathway will not be all roses,
With joys walking close at our side,

But brave hearts must not grow despondent,
Tho sorrows may sometimes betide ;
But still struggle onward and upward,
With patience, with courage and love,
Remembering, those who are faithful,
Shall wear the bright jewels above.

A Way has been trodden before us,
Which leads thru dark Gethsemane,
And on up to Calvary's Mountain,
To suffer for you and for me ;
That we, thru His wounds and His bruises,
Might learn how to live here below ;
Forgetful of self and our pleasures,
That blessings to others may flow.

Enriching the lives all about us,
And driving the storm clouds away,
Till sad hearts respond to the sunshine,
And smiles take the place of dismay ;
Unmindful of self we shall anchor,
Some day, where no storm clouds alarm ;
No more shall we hear, or be dreading,
The loud swelling voice of the storm.

THE BAND OF GOLD

(Song)

I love a timid little maid,
I know she loves me in return;
And still, this little band of gold
I've kept so long, the while I yearn,
To take my little birdie home;
Sometimes methinks my little dove
Is still not sure, not certain yet;
But still must doubt my tender love.

FIRST CHORUS

But take your time, fair sweetheart mine,
To claim this little band of gold,
My heart is thine, shall e'er be thine,
Tho waiting still, till I am old.

What can I say to make you sure?
Sure that my heart is thine alone;
Sure that my love shall still endure,
Tho shadows come, and years have flown;
Sure when brown tresses turn to gray;
Sure when those bright eyes dim shall fade;
Sure when the footsteps totter slow,
Till lilies white, in wreathes are laid.

SECOND CHORUS

I'll claim it now, that band of gold,
I'm sure your love is mine for aye;
I'm sure your lips the truth have told;
Your bride I'll be, this fair June day.

THE WAY OF THE GOLDEN RULE

There are questions of vital importance
Confronting this old world to-day,
The solving of which, well and truly,
Bringing joy, in place of dismay;
Vast and grave are the problems that vex us,
Affecting each heart, soul and life;
In all lands, thru all ages, these problems,
Unsolved, causing turmoil and strife.

There is only one way for their solving,
One course, to make everything right;
One highway, where mortals may pass with joy
From darkness, to honor and light;
A highway, to-day unused and obscure,
So lonely its patrons, and few,
Compared with the millions who find it not,
Or wilfully shun it, 'tis true.

By some, it is said, they who choose this way
Are old-fashioned and out of style;
"It's a nice way, of course, but so tiresome,
So slow for our day," and they smile;
While others will tell us, without restraint,
"If you take that way, you're a fool";
And still it's the hope of the world to-day,
It's the way of "The Golden Rule."

Dear reader, no peace to this world can come
Until mortals this way attend;
Till those who are rich and those who are poor,
Shall live with one purpose and end;
To do unto others the same as they
Would wish to receive in return;
And can place themselves in the other's stead,
And the needs of their neighbor learn.

When you in your wealth can sympathy feel
For me, in my want and my toil;
When those who are high, as we count to-day,
Will mingle with "sons of the soil,"
When wealth will give heed, in its pomp and
pride,
To the needs of the humble poor,
And consider them all as brothers, then
War and strife shall prevail no more.

And so, dear reader, 'tis for you and me
To take part in this mammoth task
Of ushering in this happy estate;
When in peace this old globe shall bask,
When each shall deny and each shall forego
Their own good, for the good of all;
Content to abide by "The Golden Rule"
In our dealings, both great and small.

Then the problems of life will be settled
And peace in this old world shall reign;

The turmoil and strife we have borne so long
Shall never annoy us again;
For, "The Lord, of one blood made all peoples";
Christ died for them all, on the tree;
Did He say I were more worthy than you,
Or you more deserving than me?

He intended good will and devotion
Should rule in the hearts of mankind,
Instead of the stress, the goad and the lash,
The maddening struggle and grind,
The clamor for self and our own concern,
Costing someone anguish and health,
The wrecking of body and mind and soul,
That others may revel in wealth.

For toiling from youth until stooped and old,
For millions has been the sad lot;
And yet, by this irksome and cruel route,
Rich blessings to us have been brot;
The wealth and the comforts we all enjoy
Has cost some poor toiler distress;
And still how ungrateful, how slow we are
To see, and our blindness confess.

For look, dear reader, and judge for yourself,
The world is now writhing in pain;
Millions are groping in want and despair,
And millions in warfare are slain;

And so, in my poor, weak, and humble way,
I am making an earnest plea
For justice and kindness to all mankind,—
Rich, poor, white or black, bond or free.

One blood, and one God ; one Heaven above ;
One Gate, for our entering in ;
One Rule for our conduct, while here below,
One Judgment, one sentence for sin ;
We may boast of our claims and our logic,
Our doctrines, our church, and our school ;
But the creed that will count for most, up there,
Is the way of "The Golden Rule."

JUNETIME

The air is laden with perfume,
The fragrant rose again is here,
And scented clover blossoms, sweet,
In woodland meadows far and near—
For 'tis the lovely month of June;
And while the skies are blue above,
All nature smiles in sweet accord
And seems to speak to us of love.

Who would not wish to live and love
And in the joys of nature share,
With matchless beauty all around,
And vibrant gladness everywhere?
Why, then, should mortals not rejoice
And seek and love and woo their mate,
When nature seems to point the way,
Why, then, should man and maiden wait?

OUR PAINTERS

Our painters, with skill, wondrous and grand,
Have marvelous beauties portrayed,
All thru the years, and in every land,
Rich gifts at our feet they have laid;
Full well do we prize their endeavor,
And all that their wisdom has wrought;
And truly we cherish with pleasure,
The treasures their labors have brought.

And still, can their hands and their genius
Paint beauties they never have seen?
Picture, with skill that will please us,
Fair visions, on canvas and screen?
Do they not reproduce with cunning,
What nature revealed long ago?
Please tell me in truth, for I'm wond'ring
How it came to pass, if you know?

Who caught the birdies that fly about,
And painted their dresses so gay?
Likewise the goldfish and speckled trout,
And butterflies too, did you say?
Who decked the Autumn in brown and gold,
Put the blush on apple and peach?
Who gave the rainbow its tints of old,
As day unto day uttered speech?

Tell me, who painted the ocean blue,
With its waves and ships and spars,
Who gave the heavens their azure hue,
And burnished the night with the stars?
Tell me, who tinted the lilies, sweet,
And painted the meadows so green,
The roses red, that bloom at our feet;
Please tell me, if you've ever seen?

TO MY LOVED ONE, FAR AWAY

(Song)

I am thinking of you, dear one,
For our ways are far apart;
And the days are long and dreary,
With a shadow o'er my heart;
I am lonely for you, darling,
As I'm waiting for you still,
In my heart, a void and longing,
You, and only you, can fill.

CHORUS

For I miss you as the flowers
Miss the sunshine and the rain;
As I journey on in sadness,
Till you come to me again.

While you're winning back your health, dear,
In that distant balmy clime,
I am waiting your returning;
Fondly dreaming of the time,
When again our ways are blended;
Then, again the sun shall shine,
Summer days renew their brightness;
When I clasp your hands in mine.

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR

To labor, truly 'tis a noble thing;
To labor, till life's duty's bravely done;
For surely there is need of earnest toil,
And surely there is work for everyone;
If we would seek to do our honest share,
And not expect another to perform
The task that unto us should justly fall,
To keep a needy world from want and harm.

There's work in factory, office, farm and shop,
For brain and brawn, for rich and poor, withal,
There's something we can do, or leave undone,
Whate'er our station, great as well as small;
There's ample cause that everyone should strive
To keep this old world fit, and running right,
To care for all the ills and needs of life,
And keep the wheels of commerce smooth and
bright.

Of course, there are a lot of needless things,
That people do, 'twere better left undone;
The while there are a lot of worthy things,
Which never, to our knowledge, are begun;
And this, a point I wish to emphasize,
The task you do, tho it may seem but small,
When coupled with the ones which seem so great,
Were just as truly needful, after all.

There's many kinds of labor, this we know:
At which we serve, until we're ushered hence;
Some kinds, for which we get a fixed reward,
And these we call labors for recompense;
And those, as where a friend or parent toils
With ardent zeal, until they're called above,
That others thru their toiling may be blest;
And here we see in truth, labors of love.

Then let us up and doing, with a will;
That life may full and round and richer grow;
That this old world may miss us when we're
gone,
And not, perhaps, be wishing we would go;
There's millions who are loafing on the job,
While other millions have too much to do;
While wearily their aching backs must bend,
Dear reader, is that idle slacker you?

SPRINGTIME

Flow, gentle stream,
Glide on and on;
Bright balmy days,
We've waited long;
Nightingales sing
Sweetly in Spring,
Answering back, whippoorwill.

Chime, evening bells,
Soft, sweet and clear;
Cares fly away,
Sweet dreams are near;
Blow, soft winds, blow,
Whispering low,
Wafting sweet memories, still.

Springtime again,
Fragrant the air;
Down starlit lane,
Roses so fair;
Love's paradise
Lovers entice,
Sweet dreams my slumbers shall fill.

THE AUTUMN DAYS

The Autumn days bring back our dreams
Of years, that dwell in memory;
Then, all the future hid from view;
But time reveals; and now we see
The hidden joys, the hidden tears,
The world's applauds or its frown,
The toilsome road, the thorny paths
We tread, to glory and renown.

The veil of years withdrawn, we view
The battles waged; some won, some lost;
Some sore defeats! some aims attained,
Some trophies ours at fearful cost:
The Hand of Providence, how kind,
Which veils the future from our sight;
And bids us walk by Faith, the path
That leads us onward tow'rd the Light.

Oh mystery of life, profound,
Made up of hopes and joys and tears;
Of love and trust and happiness,
Of doubts and weariness and fears;
Of sorrows, loneliness and grief,
Of comforts and of times of ease;
Of good and ill, of loss and gain,
Of trials and of things that please.

Who can life's mystery expound?
Who can its hidden things portend?
A "Spark", a "Breath"; we know not what;
Concealed its source, unseen its end;
We hold it as with brittle cord;
We have no promise if its stay;
Though full of glowing life, at Eve,
The Morn may find us palled clay.

A voice re-echoes down the years;
'Tis duty's call to every heart;
However hard the task may be,
It bids us bravely do our part;
To-day is ours, to wisely use;
It hastens onward; will not stay;
Let's fill it up with kindly deeds;
For when it's gone, 'tis gone for aye.

And now, we have the Autumn days;
A time to pause, and think, and rest;
To take account of what we've done,
And put our labors to the test;
To weigh our joys against our woes,
Compute our losses and our gains,
And see, if when the Harvest comes,
We've gathered tares, or golden grains.

THE PATH OF DUTY

How oft my feet have missed the path of duty,
While prodigal, I wandered thru the years;
How oft, like Lot, I've sought the plains of
 beauty,
Which yielded naught, when gained, but grief
 and tears.

How oft my ears have heard the Sirens singing
When storms assailed this barque of mortal clay;
And then, I heard the voice of duty, ringing,
Which bade me humbly walk, and watch and
 pray.

The path of duty shineth ever clearer,
As weary pilgrims on life's journey plod;
The path of duty leadeth ever nearer
The bright, eternal city of our God.

The Father ever waiteth our returning;
It grieves Him, when the Homeward way we
 miss;
The Father's heart of love is ever yearning,
To greet us, with His reconciling kiss.

SOMEWHERE, SOME DAY

Somewhere, beyond the range of mortal eyes,
Somewhere beyond the depth of starlit blue,
Somewhere beyond the bane of tears and sighs,
A joyous peaceful City, waits for you.

With jasper walls, and wondrous golden strands,
Eternal, in the Heavens, pure and free;
The New Jerusalem; not made with hands,
The mansions there, prepared for you and me.

Some day, we'll lay our burdens down and rest;
No more to wander, weak and sad and lone;
Some day we'll go to be among the blest;
Some day our gracious Lord, will say, come home.

Then first mine eyes, my Saviour would behold;
Thine Own Dear Self; oh God, how could it be,
That Thou, that I might walk the streets of gold,
Should give Thy Son, to die on Calvary?

No night there'll be, but everlasting day;
To part no more, our loved ones we shall greet;
The hand of God shall wipe all tears away,
And we shall stand rejoicing at His feet.

THE END

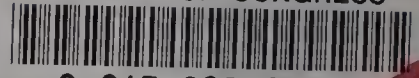
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